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Farm Schools for Korea

F. O. Clark

A Model Farmer and His Farm

R. C. Coen

Tree Worship in Korea

Mrs. R. K. Smith

Kite Flying in Korea

Bruce Hunt

JANUARY, 1930.

SEOUL, KOREA.

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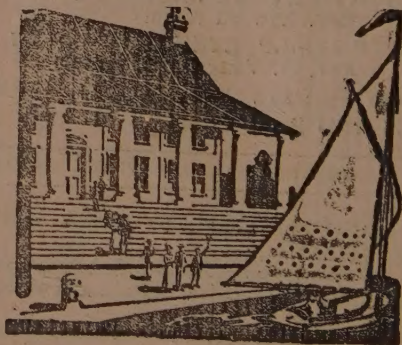
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FARM SCHOOLS FOR KOREA—Map showing Distribution of Schools held from January to April, 1930

THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

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VOL. XXVI.

JANUARY, 1930

No. 1

Farm Schools for Korea

FRANCIS O. CLARK

AFTER SPENDING nine months in Korea I am convinced that the economic conditions can be most quickly improved by instructing the people along lines of diversified farming, and more particularly by teaching them the best methods of dry farming and stock raising. Emphasis on the part of the Government has been largely along the lines of improving the culture of rice and therefore most of the land available for this crop is now being managed in a fairly satisfactory way.

In order to reach the largest number of people possible it has been determined to hold, this winter, 20 ten-day farm schools to which we are inviting the real "dirt farmer," together with such others as may be particularly interested in this movement. We are making these schools very practical in nature, spending perhaps one third of the time in question and answer discussions, and one third in actually demonstrating how to prepare soil, make simple farm machinery, mix concrete, judge stock, and so forth. That we reach more people, we will conduct two schools at a time, after January 1, 1930. Messrs. Lutz, Bunce, Kim and Pak will start one school while Messrs. F. O. Clark, Avison, Hong and Lee will start the other. At the end of five days we will exchange schools. By this system it will be possible for each instructor to perfect his work and discuss the topics on which he is thoroughly prepared, thus utilizing the time to the best advantage. Mr.

Lutz and party will specialize on matters relating to soils, fertilizers, crops, horticulture in all of its various phases, bee-keeping, etc. The other group will discuss animal husbandry as applied to Korea, and the various phases of farm management, financing, marketing, home industries, and so forth.

Judging from present information, it is believed that we will reach at least 2,500 farmers between December 3 and April 10, 1930. We hope to select from this large group of farmers a few who will carry on definite farm projects during the coming year. On these farms we expect to demonstrate improved methods of cultivation, the use of legumes, green manures, and other important crops, giving special attention to improved methods of planting existing crops in Korea and to the selection of seed for future planting. It is hoped that these project farms may be improved and the number greatly increased in 1931, at which time a program of stock raising should be introduced. This will require the services of men trained in animal husbandry.

We are sincerely hoping that the way will be opened for the establishment of two practical schools of agriculture, which will further the training of the Korean rural leaders, during the winter, January 1 to April 1, 1931. This, however, is a matter of considerable financial outlay and will require an increase in the number of agricultural men on the field. We trust that the Y. M. C. A. and the various missions operating here may be

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able to add to their present forces a sufficient number of trained men to adequately conduct these winter schools and to supervise the project farms. This work should be of a very practical nature, similar to the short courses given in the more progressive of our American universities. The writer attended one of these twelve-weeks' courses at the University of Wisconsin in 1907 and wishes to state that he learned more practical agriculture in that term than in any other year of agricultural work.

There are many young men in Korea who have been educated along the lines of literature, political science, history, etc., who find little practical and commercial use for their education. It is possible that some of these men, who are willing to work with their hands, may be benefited by taking these practical courses and thereby become qualified to conduct demonstration farms, and possibly some may teach agriculture in the primary and middle schools now being conducted by the various missions. However, it should be distinctly understood that the main purpose of these Farm Schools is to give a very practical course, adapted to the immediate needs of the existing Korean farmers.

It was the writer's privilege to attend the Institute of Pacific Conference Relations recently held in Kyoto, where one of the main discussions arousing much interest was the problem of "Food and Population." One eminent Japanese professor emphasized the importance of teaching the farmers of the Orient how to produce successfully other crops than rice. A bushel of wheat can be raised with much less labor than a bushel of rice, and on land that will not produce the latter. Since their food contents are about the same, the problem of feeding the people in such countries as Japan can be greatly lessened by growing more wheat, and by variety farming. Having traveled some fifteen thousand miles in Korea, and visited thirty-five of the thirty-eight mission stations, I believe that the area of tillable soil in the country can be nearly

doubled by the proper use of hill lands in a program of intensive crop rotation and stock raising. The fruit trees, mulberry and nut trees, should be grown on the hill sides and the level land saved for the cereal crops. The matter of maintaining fertility on the hill soils is one that requires scientific management, but since this is very much cheaper than the level land, we believe that the field for development along this line has wonderful possibilities.

Everywhere we go in Korea the people come out to farmers' meetings in great numbers, anxious to get information on improved farming and, fortunately for the mission enterprise, this idea of better farming has been definitely associated with religion. In some cases churches have appointed agricultural committees and have cooperated in the purchase of land, with the hope of demonstrating improved methods of agriculture to the members and neighbors. Now we are inviting all such communities to send their representatives to these farm schools, where they can get more definite information on farm practices. These schools will be scattered throughout the country, as shown by the accompanying map.

There will be sufficient time for some of the instructors to go out to nearby farms and give advice and assistance to farmers on their immediate problems. At each school we will work out a detailed plan of management covering a period of three years. We hope to construct, on the job, better tillage machinery, and with the use of an improved plow, to demonstrate the method of properly preparing the soil for planting. The greatest weakness observed in Korean farming is that they do not understand how to turn under manure, cover crops, or properly prepare the soil for planting. Seeds are put into the ground with the soil very poorly prepared and in rows so close together that stock cannot be used in cultivating, thus it is necessary for the very hardest kind of work on the part of the farmer and his family to till the soil with a little

FARM SCHOOLS FOR KOREA

hand hoe. The idea exists in the Korean farmer's mind that it is necessary to plant one crop before the next one is harvested in order to get two crops off the land in a year, and in doing this each produces about one half the yield that could be expected if the soil were properly managed and the grain planted in a thoroughly prepared seed-bed.

We are cooperating in this farm school movement with the mission workers, together with the Korean church leaders, who are largely responsible for the attendance at these schools. The accompanying pictures show the first school in operation at Taiku. The paid attendance at the first three schools was 624. More than 5000 attended the night meetings.

In the school which will be held in Seoul January 1-11, we will have a section for women. I very much regret that we cannot have such a program in all places, but the number of women prepared and available to discuss the problems of women on the farm is not sufficient to make it a success. Let us hope that the mission forces will, in the near future, add to their personnel women trained in the practical phases of domestic science who can cooperate in this movement. The women are a very important factor in developing the rural life in any country and especially is this so in Korea, where the women are very industrious.

An improved farm program involves a considerable change in the diet of the people. As I visit many schools where we are shown around the dormitory and boarding facilities, the instructor informs us that here is where the students cook their rice. This always strikes me as rather strange but, upon second thought, we find that this is a very correct statement, for the chief diet of the people is rice, and to teach the use of other cereals, together with fruits, dairy products and so forth, involves a very great change in the habits of the people. This can never be brought about until the women are convinced of the need for this change and are taught

how to prepare other kinds of foods. It is a common impression that milk, eggs and fruit are too expensive for ordinary people to eat, and under existing conditions this is correct. But by carefully teaching improved methods of farming, we can show the people how to produce these products on land that is now being largely wasted, and how to feed stock on plants that can grow between the seasons of existing human food crops. For example, many of the summer crops in Korea mature sixty days before frost. Rye-barley or wheat can be grown to feed stock until Christmas and also furnish a winter cover and green manure crop to be turned under in the spring. As I mention the changes needed in this country, I am thinking of farm methods in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Germany, where the people are able to produce the maximum amount of human food from the soil and at the same time feed a large number of stock, maintain the fertility, and also have stock to sell for additional income.

Such a change can be brought about in Korea only when the practical side of farming is demonstrated to the people. The influence of the missionaries and the Christian Church in this country is great, and a united effort will make these schools more successful and prepare the way for a large number of demonstration farms. We have suggested that fifteen agricultural men, whose training should cover the entire field of agriculture, will be adequate for this program. Such a group can train Korean leaders here and in ten years be able to turn over the main part of the program to native leaders, and in fifteen or twenty years the income from the farms should be doubled. Will the mission forces take the lead and supply the necessary men, women and means to make this demonstration of applied Christianity? The Church will prosper by showing the people that it really cares for their human welfare as well as for their spiritual life.

A Model Farmer and His Farm

ROSCOE C. COEN

IT IS with more than usual pleasure that I introduce you to Chung In Sook, Doctor of Agriculture, and tell you a little about his model farm in central Korea. He is a real dirt farmer, as we say in the United States. The degree of Doctor of Agriculture with which I have accredited him, is not one conferred by any agricultural college, but one which I am told has been given him by his friends who come to see his farm and consult with him about farm methods, a term none the less honorable and descriptive for all that.

For months I had been hearing about this farmer and his model farm, which was within the bounds of my southern territory where I travelled among the churches. Such praise of both the man and his work as is not common in Korea, or any country for that matter, frequently came to me, but even so I was not fully prepared for what I saw when finally the opportunity came for me to view for myself what this man had wrought within the period of a few years on his own farm. The peculiar pleasure I have in telling the story comes from many of the factors in the case. First of all, in this day in this country, where about 99 % of all the conversation one hears is about the economic situation, and about 90 % of that is pessimistic, it is a real joy to tell of something that is successful.

In the second place, in a time and a country where all sorts of wild plans for economic reconstruction and development are cherished by the masses, and proposed by idealists, it is comforting to find a man quietly trying out and putting into practice the only plans that can have any hope for success. Then in the third and last place, to find that the man who, perhaps better than any other man in Korea, is leading the way in agriculture is not only not a Japanese or a foreigner, but not even the product of a mission or government educational institution, but

rather a plain, honest, hard-working, intelligent Korean man. There is nothing foreign about him ; he is native, and his work is thoroughly indigenous, as no foreigner's work ever can be. The methods he uses, the implements he employs, the seed he sows, the experiments he carries on, and the results he obtains are all available in a more or less degree to any energetic, intelligent Korean farmer who has some LAND and CAPITAL of his OWN, or has the same supplied him at a reasonable rate of rent and interest.

I point out the LAND and CAPITAL factors because these are the ones in the case that are uncommon, and keep it from being a perfect model for all Korean farmers. I am told that this man had to begin with, what in Korea would be a large farm (about 25 acres), and that his family has had money to back his enterprises. These two factors would be absent in the case of most Korean farmers, who have to rent most or all of their land at very high rents, and borrow any money they may use at excessive interest rates (even as much as 40 or 50 % per annum). But making due allowance for these factors this farmer still remains a perfect example to the few Korean farmers who do have land and money, and a partial example to every farmer who tills the soil under any conditions whatsoever. What has been done, and is yearly being done by one Korean man before our very eyes, could be done by an increasing number of men in a large or small way if only they had the intelligence, the ambition, and the will.

But you want to meet the man, I am sure. You want to see how he is different from other Koreans, and in what way he is like them ; what it is that he is doing ; the results he obtains ; etc. Most of what I know of the man I learned from others, and fortunately there are many who talk of him freely. He has the good will and confidence

A MODEL FARMER AND HIS FARM

of all who know him. While it is evident from the glint in his eye and the zeal with which he shows one his farm that he has a proper appreciation of his own success, he is typically Korean in his references to himself and his work, he speaks humbly and depreciatingly of both. In one way and another I finally pieced his life together something like this. As a boy he grew up on the farm as other boys, studying in the little one-room school where the Chinese characters were taught; flying kites; playing hop-scotch; gathering fire-wood from the mountain side; in fact, doing all the things a normal Korean boy does.

When he was in the late 'teens he came to Seoul and entered the John D. Wells Mission School for boys, where he studied a year or two, learning a bit of mathematics and a few other subjects then taught. His restless, energetic nature made him drop out before the course was completed, and the next period of his life, some ten years, was spent working on farms in Manchuria and in Hawaii, where he learned by observation and practice the modern methods of farming employed. Thus self-educated he returned to his home in Korea to take charge of the home farm on behalf of all the heirs and began his experimentation and development which to-day, after only a few years (not more than ten), reveal a marvelous degree of success. Most of this general and somewhat vague information I obtained from my two Korean companions as we walked the ten li (3 miles) from one of the churches to his farm.

My first view of the farm itself came as we reached the top of a small mountain pass from which the valley lay between two mountains, like a garden of Eden. There before me, in one burst of glory, I saw the mountain side, with its variety of forest trees clothed in nature's early fall garment of green, gold, and red, with all the shades in between; the little village of a dozen or so houses, nestled snugly against the sunny side of this same mountain; the up-land fields, and the low-land paddy fields lying on either side of a wide,

shallow stream that twisted itself along lazily down the valley; and the larger and smaller water dikes winding hither and thither like giant snakes marking the plots off into odd-shaped, irregular-sized fields.

All this I took in at a glance—just such a view as one might see from any one of a thousand such little mountain passes in Korea, and yet somehow, different: a difference vague and inarticulate, though most obvious even at a distance. We later found upon closer view that both this likeness to, and difference from, other Korean farmers and farms, so marked and yet so harmoniously blended in both this man and his farm, were the things that, above all others, made the experiment worth studying. The likenesses proved the whole enterprise to be part and parcel of Korean farming as a whole, and the differences were the earnest, yes, the undeniable evidence, of what under favorable conditions that same farming might become. Here was obviously evolution, development, growth rather than revolution in its destructive, confusing, and radical forms.

We first went to the man's home and called him out. While we waited for him to make his appearance we observed that his own house was Korean style in every way, that the court-yard inclosed the usual sheds for the work-bulls, and the hogs—but these were bigger, better, and especially cleaner than the average. The man himself appeared to be in the late forties, well-preserved, business-like, dressed for labor, not in white, but in a grey suit similar to an American workman's jumper, but strictly Korean in quality and style. He, himself, was the embodiment of both the likenesses and the subtle differences that so characterized the whole place.

He proved to be a most agreeable and entertaining host as he showed us around the place. No, he had not raised milk-cows, because there would be no place to dispose of the milk. Neither did he raise many hogs, for the same difficulty of disposing of the meat prevailed. He had tried to raise apples but

with no success, as the borers killed the trees before they had had time to bear enough fruit to make them profitable. He was still experimenting with peaches and pears, but was not sure that these could be made to pay a profit either. It was better to raise mulberry trees and feed silk-worms. He was doing this in quite a large way in the house up there on the hill. The best kind of fertilizer was barn yard manure because it build up the land as well as fed the plants. Oh, yes, he used lots of commercial fertilizer because he could not make enough of the barn-yard manure, and also because each year he carried on a number of experiments with different kinds of fertilizer, different kinds of seed, different kinds of cultivation, and different times of planting, watering, etc, in selected plots, and learned as much by his failures as by his successes.

He always kept complete and accurate records of these experiments. For instance, in this field he was raising sugar beets for the cows and hogs to eat, and had obtained the seed from France. And in that field were the yearling pine-trees from seeds bought in America at the cost of \$ 20 per pint. Perhaps they would prove to be hardier than the native pines, and not so subject to being devoured by the pine worms which have become such a pest in Korea. Anyway they were a different species of pine as we could see by observing the difference in the arrangement of the needles. This large concrete-topped well was for community use—the water being free from contamination. He and the other members of the community had made it together. Also that large dike along the creek down there was a community enterprise by which he had

given profitable employment to all the men for a period of several weeks and by which he had redeemed for himself several acres of sand waste that was now after some four or five years his best rice land.

No, he was not entirely dependent upon the rainfall for his water, for he had a small, though inadequate dam, at the head of the valley, and could turn the water of the creek into his fields in some places. When asked what increases in rice yields he had been able to obtain, he said that the average yield per one *maljiky* (about 2/15 of an acre) is about 5 bushels, and twice that is considered very good, but that he was producing three and four times the average crop by his better methods.

And so the conversation went on for more than an hour as we proceeded from plot to plot viewing wheat, barley, cotton, beans, and a dozen other varieties of grains and plants, but I cannot tell of all the things. My only object has been to reveal something of the mind and work of this man—a man whom I believe to be wonderfully able and in a unique position of leadership in one of the most needy fields of enterprise in Korea—farming. I urged all my farmers to go to see his work and talk with him, believing that such a visit will do them more good than a week at an agricultural institute, much reading of books, or of study at school. Here is the thing actually being done in Korea, by a Korean, in a Korean way—an improved way to be sure—but still strictly Korean. I praise God for such a man, and pray that he may become a spiritual leader as well as a leader to better things in the material realm. May Korea develop many more men like him.



Teaching Horticulture at a Korean Farmer's home.



The Sunday School Convention at Pyengyang
(See page 22)



A spirit-tree with heap of stone offerings on a snowy day.
(See page 7).



Rev. O. V. Chamness at one of the Churches under his care.
(See page 21).

Tree Worship in Korea

MRS. R. K. SMITH

WHEN GREEK philosophers thought trees had perceptions, passions and reason; when Egyptians believed a man's tree counterpart would wither and die as he sickened unto death; when Homeric tree-nymphs were injured with their trees; when the withering of the sacred fig-tree of Romulus in the Forum caused the greatest consternation, and the spoils of victory were hung on the Oak of Jupiter in better times; when the Swedish guardian-tree granted protection and the mystical ash of Yggdrasil sheltered all living beings and bound earth and heaven together; when the Druids worshipped in groves and even St. Bridget built her church under an oak; when the oaks of the old Prussians were inhabited by gods who gave responses; when trees are held sacred in almost all the world, including America with its Charter Oak and Washington Elm—is it any wonder that tree-worship was once common in Korea, and spirit-trees are still devoutly invoked for spiritual blessing?

That this worship of trees is considered natural in unregenerate man, and must be eradicated in the true son of God, is shown in the prohibition in Deuteronomy, "Thou shalt not plant thee a grove of any trees near unto the altar of the Lord thy God." Hosea and other prophets lamented the sacrifice and burning of incense at altars under oaks and poplars and elms. Also the destruction of certain so-called sacred trees by Christian converts brings circumstantial proof of the depth to which the roots of tree-worship had penetrated in spiritual ground. Zealous Syrian Christians cut down certain trees to the worship of which Satan had seduced the people; the Council of Nantes enjoined the destruction of trees consecrated to demons; Bonifacius destroyed the great Oak of Jupiter and of the wood he built a chapel to St. Peter; Constan-

tine destroyed the idols and altars beneath the terebinth of Abraham and replaced them by a basilica; a chapel stands where the old tree was said to voice its complaints as the woodmen of Zell cut it down.

On the other hand a veneration of the tree still persists in the worship of the wooden cross and the use of palm branches at Easter and pines at Christmas. The cross, as a symbol of nature worship, had been in use for centuries before the Christian era in India, China and elsewhere. In fact it may be said to be universal, as the Calvary tree is no more free from taint than the Christmas tree. Since Korean Christians are very loath to speak of former practices, and the burning of the fetishes of a converted household proves their sincere desire to forget the old, we do not like to question them but anyone can still see plenty of tree worship, and can form fairly correct ideas of the cult. If only these gnarled old trees, with scarred trunks and shattered limbs, could tell us of the prayers poured out to them we could better understand the heart-longing of a simple, trusting people.

Their sacredness does not save them from complete destruction at times. One tree, whose picture had been taken just the day before by a new missionary, went up in a blaze of glory kindled by ashes from a coolie's pipe. Another tree has lost its grip on most of its former worshippers because of its Christian environment, since the Chairyung Bible Institute nestles at its feet; it is a tree with a forlorn hope, however, for recently a woman bought a house just over the way from which she could worship it. This tree had its share in the ceremonies connected with the annual sacrifice of a sacred bull to the village tutelary deity. The last sacrifice failed in the year that missionaries took up their residence on the slope above the tree, because two of the

purified, priestly attendants defiled themselves by believing on the God in heaven instead of in stocks and stones, and there was not time to consecrate others in their place. The stately grove in which the Sorai Church stands was once a leafy temple of demon worship, but was wisely dedicated by the Christianized villagers to the God first worshipped in Edenic cloisters.

Modern road improvements have done away with many a spirit tree at mountain passes but the by the byways still have them; some have just escaped the auto-roads, as has one on the way from Chairyung to Haiju, where a white-clad Korean woman was seen kneeling in the dust, on the edge of the cut, with her offering (a tiny baby jacket), tied on the tree, crying out the longings of her mother heart. On the old footpath of two and a half weary days' travel from Andong to Taiku we had ample opportunity to study the trees at each of the thirteen passes, for we were gently but firmly requested to alight from the sedan chair and climb the rocky way up to each tree aflutter with rags and paper streamers, rearing its scraggly head from a mass of stones piled up one at a time by frightened wayfarers to attract the snaky demon's attention while they scrambled by unharmed. A bit of bridal finery meant that the impish gods of the father's household were given the slip when the girl went to her new house. We have seen garments of the sick with written prayers attached.

Whether there is any thought of transferring the disease to the tree and thus saving the patient, or whether these personal touches are meant to establish some sort of relationship between the worshipper and the tree spirit, for healing, bewitching, goodluck, the granting of wishes or the actual worship of the tree itself as a god, we are uncertain, but that the devotees are sincere we are sure. Some food offered to a tree below the wall by the hospital at Taiku was left untouched by a leper girl, who had used her last ounce of strength to crawl a few feet closer to the

hospital, so even in her need she respected the rights of the worshippers who had placed the tempting food so near.

The village of Yungshan, out on the Sinchun road, has two splendid old trees as guardians, the Grandmother and Grandfather trees, lifting themselves head and shoulders above the many other trees in this *yangban* village. Last fall a sorceress decorated Grandmother with streamers and banners, and danced under its spreading branches until the clangor of the nearby church-bell, and the lusty hymns sung by its ringer, destroyed the spell and she was forced to withdraw defeated and again permit the missionary to teach the songs of Zion to the children attending Bible classes under its branches.

As these trees guard the living, we can well believe the stalwart pines encircling many a hillside tomb are thought to protect the clay at their roots. At any rate the tomb and its spirit protect the trees from the woodman's sickle! We are told that the tablet of wood enshrines the spirit of the dead, and it is carried back from the grave to be placed in the tablet house as soon as the period of mourning is over. Even then annual offerings of food take the place of the daily tables and the spirit in the wooden tablet is not neglected.

We are grateful for a religion which had breadth enough in its creed for the inclusion of tree reverence if not actual tree worship, as in the monastery of Yuchumsa in the Diamond Mountains, where an uprooted birch-tree serves as the resting place for fifty-three little Buddhas, in honor of the tree that gave shelter to the first monks who victoriously contested with the dragon dwellers in that beautiful valley. Although Buddhism repudiated the belief that trees had either mind or feeling, they recognized them as being indwelt by certain spirits and so have saved us some of the finest trees of the land, where the worship of selected trees could not save the ninety and nine. If all trees had been considered the abode of spirits what a forest we would have!

When receiving botanical specimens Nakai of Japan, who has made a thorough study of Korean flora, said that certain plants, like wisteria and clematis, must have been found in temple precincts or land long held by the monasteries. On the other hand when a state-ly cedar, that has weathered more than three hundred years, according to family records, is cut down simply because the lazy owner can't see through its trunk, as he sits at his door, we are not sure about reverence for trees in this land. At least whole hillsides of hacked up trees have to do a lot of forgiving! But there are enough to link up the Korean with the ancient Order of Tree Worshipers.

Theoretically, but not artistically, the devil-posts are supposed to be a higher development of the cult, the highest stage being reached in the crucifix of certain faiths. The once common wayside pillars of Mr. and Mrs. General and similar totemic posts, tree trunks roughly shaped to represent superhuman occupants, are still to be seen in out of the way places; they indicate an age-long desire on the part of those who set them up for guardian spirits to direct their earthly way, even as the many, more enduring, stone images of Myruk, the Buddha Messiah, who is still to come, indicate the longing of a trusting people for a guide along the heavenly way.

Within the Veil

(A Story of Old Korea)

ELLASUE WAGNER

Chapter I.

Farmer Pak Meets Strange Luck

“EIGO! EIGO! e-i-g-o-, e-i-g-o-!” The quavering wail rose louder and louder.

“I’ll starve, I’ll starve!” Piti-able indeed was the plight of the Korean peasant who stood by the side of his bullock and gazed in noisy sorrow at the two bags of millet resting in the muck and mire of a paddy field.

“Poor chap!” sympathized the newcomer as he dismounted from his bicycle and looked at the wreck before him. “How did it happen that you spilled your load into that muddy place?”

“O, dear, it was that other foreigner who just went ahead of you around the curve. My bull took fright and pitched the load off, and now I shall starve, and my poor little children with me. Eigo! eigo!”

“Say, don’t wail so. Surely something can be done. Didn’t he do anything about it? That man is my friend, it isn’t like him to let a thing like this pass without notice.”

“No, he didn’t stop. He just went on

ahead. O my mother, think of all the labor of a whole year wasted and lost in this mud! O! O! O-O-O!”

“Sorry, sorry,” commenced the stranger, digging in his pocket for his purse. “Here, I suppose this is about what two bags of millet is worth. I am sure that the man didn’t know of your plight or he would have made it right,” with an exchange from hand to hand. With extravagant expressions of gratitude ringing in his ears the donor passed on, thinking as he pedalled his iron horse along:

“Strange thing for a missionary to do that way! What will that man think of the Gospel if we are unkind to him?” and a great glow of duty more than done filled his heart.

Number two missionary had scarcely more than turned the curve in the road ahead; the man with the bull watching his retiring shadow with a smile of satisfaction on his broad face when, whiz!—here came another of those queer iron contraptions and another of those crazy foreigners riding it.

“Eigo! e-i-g-o-! e-i-g-o-!” the air was knifed again by the piercing, shrill wail of one in deep distress. This brought about the

desired effect. Number three stopped to enquire the cause. Then ensued the same dialogue, with minor variations, which ended in the same way, an exchange of money to pay for the ruined millet, and smug satisfaction on both sides for the wisdom and sagacity displayed.

That night the three travelers sat in a tiny inn and discussed the events of the day. Number three felt it his duty to speak to number two for his carelessness about the poor old peasant. "Say, old man, you owe me 20 yang. Didn't you know that you frightened that bull and made him spill the farmer's millet in the paddy field? I couldn't let it pass without paying him, what would he have thought of _____" but roars of laughter from the other two made him stop in surprise.

"Did you pay him?"

"Yes. And you, too?"

"Yes, and you?"

"Ha, ha! A wise fellow that! The millet was very little hurt either. No doubt he took up his damp bags and washed the grain off carefully, a little wetting will not hurt millet!"

"We are a gullible lot, I'll say!"

"No," responded number two, "it isn't exactly that. But in our eagerness that all possible be done for the good name of our cause we do perhaps give occasion for a little cunning. Better to pay the man three times over, however, than to risk his not having been paid at all. He may think we are fools, but he'll know that we are not knaves!"

That phrase very well expresses the attitude of many of the country folk toward the missionary. They think the missionary is surely somewhat of a fool to leave his own beautiful country and come so far away among strangers, but they know that he is kind and generous, and learn to love him in spite of his faults.

After the generous and foolish foreigners had passed along their way, Pak Tai Que smiled again at the delicious humor of the situation, keeping an eye all the while on the hill road beyond to see that no one should pass

unheeded. There were many hungry mouths at home to feed; surely the generous strangers did not need the money so much as he did, probably they would never miss it at all and and it was indeed a godsend to the peasant.

The scanty acres of Pak's little homestead lay in Poor Valley, a narrow cove against the sides of a scraggy mountain. No fertile fields of rice there, nothing like it on that barren soil. A few bags of millet, beans and peas for the bull to eat, and a bit of tobacco; in the fall enough potatoes to feed the family for two months, that was about the product of the tiny scrap of land that could by no stretch of imagination be called a "farm."

The millet, after it was thrashed and prepared for market, represented about his only saleable produce; coins were few and far between that found their way into Pak's lean purse. He had been on his way to the distant county seat, for this was market day, to sell some of this precious grain when the frightened bull, the gullible foreigners and a good opportunity made him feel for the first time in his life a rich man.

"My, my, just think of all the wonderful things one could do with so much money! Now there's my boy been teasing me for many moons to let him go to the school over the mountain. Lots of good sense that chap's got too, if I do say it. He would make a scholar some day. But how little he knows of the money it would take to buy his books, to say nothing of clothes and all the other things. Perhaps now I can send him to teacher Kim and tell him to make a man and a student of him, that he may not follow in his father's steps, a plodding clod-hopper of a farmer.

"Stand still, you beast!" to the fidgeting bull. "Let me get this bag back on your back again. Suppose I ought to thank you for your timely help a while ago, but those crazy men have all passed now, no more acting up, if you please! Stand still, I say!" A hard slap emphasized the command, and the bull at last consented to chew his cud until his master should get the load in place again.

Kite Flying in Korea

BRUCE HUNT

"Kites that swim sublime

In still repeated circles,....."

IT'S A STRANGE, or perhaps a much to be expected coincidence, that the paper toys, which are common to the boy on a London street and to the boy in Korea, derive their names from the same source. The only difference is that the feathered co-habiter of the skies, from which they have both borrowed the name, is called a *Cyta* in the Anglo-Saxon and a *Sol Kai Yun* (鳶술개연) in the Sino-Korean, thus giving us "Kites" and "Yuns" as the toys are now called in the respective languages.

Whereas the living kite, from which the toy derived its name, has practically disappeared from Great Britain, boys in Korea can still see the parent and offspring, the animate and inanimate, circling and diving around one another in the gleesome frolic of kindred spirits.

The particular character "yun," which means "kite" (the bird), is the stem most commonly accepted as that from which the name of the toy has been derived, but it is not the only stem accepted. There is a "yun" (鸞), meaning "swallow," and any one watching the darting, bounding, ascent of a Korean kite can easily imagine a kinship between the quickly-winging swallow and the graceful plaything of Korea.

There is still a third (緣) "yun," which is sometimes used in writing the name of the toy, and it means "affinity." The story goes that Sulpa, one of the concubines of King Im Soo of the Koru dynasty, had an "affinity," who lived outside the Palace walls and that she invented the kite. The necessity which was the mother of this invention was her desire to send communications to her lover. The message was first inscribed on a piece of paper, which, made in the form of a kite, was sent up into the air and made to fall, as if by accident, outside the Palace walls. There is a

kite-flying song, sung by children, especially in North Keung Sang and South Choong Chung Provinces, of which this story of King Im Soo's concubine is a part. I was not able to get the verses in order, nor completely, but the translation of the parts which I got run something as follows:—

"This is Sulpa's affinity weaving kite."

"This is the day my playmates dress prettily
And we've come out to weave our affinities."

"A priest is in power,

The nation's as safe as a pile of eggs."

The last reference, while having nothing to do with kites, (except that it is part of the song), or affinities, is interesting because it links this folk-song with actual history. It was in Sulpa's time that a Buddhist priest became Prime Minister in the Koru Kingdom and it was through his good graces that Buddhism obtained such a foothold in the country.

Koreans say that kites were often used in warfare to send challenges, and demands for surrender, across the enemy line. The kite on which the message had been written was flown high over the lines of the enemy and then, the thread broken, the kite was allowed to fall.

While, as in all parts of the world, kite flying is classed as a boyhood amusement, in Korea it often has an attraction for grown up boys as well, which is not altogether without justification. There is something about a Korean kite—simple, strong, and light—that makes it worthy of respect. And the almost absolute control that one can have over its movements makes it a stimulating form of recreation.

There are three unique features about kite flying in Korea, the construction, the reel and the competition.

As to construction, there are two types of

kites; one which is flown only by small children and, the other, the ordinary kite. The one which only children fly is made of two sticks, or rather, of two thinly shaved splices of bamboo, and is called a "stinging ray" kite (가오리연) because of its resemblance to that fish in shape. This kite has a long paper tail and often has two little strips of paper hanging from either arm.

The regular kite is made of five very thinly shaved pieces of bamboo, which are only about one sixteenth of an inch in width. In the north split pieces of a water-reed are used as substitutes for bamboo. When in place these pieces of bamboo would represent a St. Andrew's cross on top of a Roman cross, with a fifth splint laid across the top of the square formed by the crosses.

After the ribs have been properly fastened together, and the paste, which fixes them on the paper, is allowed to dry, the top rib of the kite is curved backwards in a slight bow and held in place by thread, joining the two ends of the "bow." There are only three threads to the kite; one fastened to the central perpendicular rib, slightly below the intersection of the crosses, and one to each of the two upper corners. These together with the bowed effect on the top rib of the kite, put the centre of gravity for the kite, not at the intersection of the crosses but somewhere between the intersection and the centre of the "bow." The kite, when finished, is so well balanced that it needs no tail and gyrates in the clouds with an abandoned freedom.

The second feature which is always mentioned in connection with Korean kites is the reel, and a good reel is two-thirds of the fun. Let me quote from Mr. Ilhan New on the making of the reel, "Five carefully rounded sticks are prepared, the fifth one being at least four inches longer than the others. The four of the same length are set together with cross pieces so that a rectangular framework, eight inches square, is formed. Across the ends, placed just inside the frame work, are diagonal cross pieces through which the fifth

stick is passed and fixed firmly, hub-fashion. This forms the handle of the reel and the length of the string is regulated by rotating this handle very quickly."

Very often the boys will have these reels made by carpenters so that they will be well proportioned and work smoothly. Of the toys which my Korean boy friends had, the kite reel might be considered the most elaborate and carefully made.

The last, and most interesting feature of Korean kite-flying, is the kite warfare. For a lively description of a kite fight, with plenty of local color, I would refer you to an article by Rev. F. S. Miller, entitled "Korean Kites," published in "The Pioneer," March 28, 1925.

The season for kite flying varies with the section of the country you are in. In the north, where winters, are severe, most of the flying is brought to a fitting climax by a contest such as Mr. New mentions in his book, "When I was a Boy in Korea." In the South and around Seoul, however, kite-flying and the Korean New Year are synonymous for kite enthusiasts.

Through these sections the "going of the leaves in the fall" is the signal for small boys to begin making their kites. Around the first of our January the young men will start. The official "open season for kites" through the South begins on the first of the Korean New Year, or about the first of February, and extends to the sixteenth of that month. In some of the better villages of the south every house will have its kites and all the male population will take a hand in the flying. During this time young men may spend as much as ten or twenty yen on their kites and thread. Of course the biggest expense is thread, the materials in a kite seldom costing more than three sen.

As in other countries, kites are flown in Korea for the mere pleasure of seeing them ride the wind and of feeling their tug on the string. Some will distinguish their kites with a name such as, "The Soaring Hawk" and, writing this name on the kite in graceful Chinese

characters, will send their plaything up into the air to sport with the clouds. Kite naming, however, is rather uncommon, due to the brevity of the period of its possession by any one person.

The fact of a definite "open season" for kites, lasting only sixteen days, and the popularity of kite flying, has given rise to a unique form of competition in Korea, "kite warfare." This warfare consists chiefly in getting one's kite-thread crossed with that of an opponent's and then sawing the opponent's kite free. A secondary, and perhaps more bloody warfare, is waged between the small-boy onlookers, who compete for the spoils of battle; their spoils consist of the defeated kites and as much thread as happen to be attached to them when the line parts.

Due to the lightness of the kite, thread, instead of string, is used for flying kites. In the North the ordinary twisted cotton-thread is used by most boys. In the South, where kite flying is much more of an institution, a stout, hand-twisted, silk thread is often used. For ordinary purposes the thread may be used without special treatment, but no one knows how long his kite is to enjoy an "ordinary" peace-time existence, and so most boys subject their kite thread to a treatment which serves both to give it an edge and also a coat of mail. Two things are needed for this treatment, glue and glass, and two methods of applying the treatment are employed. The better kite threads are made by running the thread through a pot of thin glue and then through a paper filled with powdered bits of glass or crockery, and at last over a flame, which dries the thread so that it can be wound right on to the reel. Poorer boys who can't buy glue, and whose mothers have too few pots to risk them in the pursuit of such folly, are obliged to substitute part of their rice for glue. The powdered glass is mixed with the rice and both are wrapped in a scrap of rag and kneaded thoroughly, then the thread is passed through the viscous mixture. Careless handling of this thread, in flying, can

mean bloody fingers.

Boys may start their kites up by having another boy take the kite off some distance from the reel and toss it into the air, but this is too amateurish for an adult. A good flier can toss his kite up, with only a couple of feet of thread, and send it far up into the clear sky where it soars and dives, climbs and drops, at the will of its master.

It does not enjoy this monopoly of the sky long, however. Perhaps from among the straw roofs of the village, or perhaps from yonder bare spot on a pine wooded knoll, appears a challenger. Slowly the challenger reels off the thread, occasionally tacking or pulling up for position. One's kite does not want to be too far out when the lines cross; on the one hand it may be expensive in case of defeat, and on the other hand one has much more liberty in fighting if he has a reserve of thread. Thread unwinds faster than it takes in (fast as that may be with a Korean reel), and thus, when lines are crossed, an unwinding thread, all else (such as slackness of thread) being equal, has a better chance of cutting in one spot, than a line that is being taken it. An underneath position, with a taut thread, against a higher position with a slack thread, is of course a fatal combination for the latter, for the taut thread can come up against the slack thread and hold it long enough to cut it.

The kites dive and circle like so many hawks. The diving is produced by taking in an arm's length of line and releasing it quickly. This process, when repeated in quick succession, can make a kite fall completely to the ground, head first. A kite is brought out of a dive, either by allowing it to have all the thread it wants, or by reeling in quickly. Sometimes the threads of two warring kites will become so entangled that they cannot saw on one another. This produces a temporary deadlock, which may be untangled if the two are left alone, but often a third party, seeing the predicament, will sail in and cut the thread of one or both of the helplessly entangled parties.

Once the thread is cut the defeated kite flips listlessly towards the horizon. This is the signal for the crowd of little boys, who have gathered around the respective contestants, to gird up their loins and advance to the fray. They may have several miles' run before they find the kite and thread. They may find a rival crowd ahead of them, or perhaps the boy, into whose yard the paper knight has fallen, may refuse to surrender his captive—the law of the game is "findings keepings." The "loser" does not weep, however, unless he's one of the poorer boys. He expects a certain number of reverses and has an extra supply of well treated thread and another kite to re-engage his opponent. I have met boys in the South, where things are done on that generous scale, who started their day's combat with no less than twenty kites at their sides.

This kite-warfare is carried on with more or less enthusiasm, according to the locality where you are, throughout the first fifteen days of the Korean New Year. On the sixteenth day the object is to get rid of your kite; for, if you are of that school who will not start a journey on Friday, sleep in room 13, or walk under a leader, you will be able

to get rid of a year's bad luck in bidding your kite farewell. Some who are more superstitious write the names of diseases or possible calamities on the kite, with the added suggestion that the aforementioned plagues should "take themselves at least one thousand li away."

There are several methods of insuring the departure of the scape-kite. One is to tie a bit of tightly wadded cotton to the thread, rather near the kite, this is set on fire and the kite is let out to full limit. The tightly wadded cotton burns slowly but surely and finally the thread is severed and the kite flits listlessly off over the mountains to commune with its fellow disembodied spirits. Another way is to make your kite take a nose-dive into the top of the highest tree in the village. There its bamboo skeleton will remind you for several months, at least, of the disasters you have so cleverly worked off. But the last is by far the most interesting, to let your kite die fighting, and silently slip away over the pine wooded hills and jagged peaks, into the clear blue brightness of a kite heaven, where, free from the baneful influences of man, it can lay aside its warfare and even forget that it is a sin bearer.

The New Seoul Union

J. L. BOOTS, D.D.S.

IN THE AUGUST NUMBER of this magazine there appeared an article on the "Passing of the Old Seoul Union," written by that father of sports and friend of man, D. A. Bunker. The old landmark on Legation Street, which for years was the civic and play center of the foreign community of this Eastern capital, disappeared. "The passing of the old Seoul Union! The Seoul Union is gone."

The Seoul Union is not gone. It only seemed to wither and disappear for a while as a perennial withers in the autumn. And now, in a very early spring, even in cold and bleak January, it breaks the frozen ground and springs forth, not only in the hearts of its

friends, but in actual substance, where all may go and see and enjoy. It is reborn, bigger, better, more hardy, more useful, more beautiful.

Just over the old city wall, on the west side of Pai Chai compound, once again replacing a cabbage garden, there is today the new Seoul Union. First a two-story, red brick club house, surrounded by five full-sized tennis courts. In due time there will be also a golf putting green and trees and flowers. The land, although below the wall, is well drained and level with the tops of the Japanese railroad residences on the lower side. A new city road is to go past the property along the wall, and

later, another road will run through the Methodist compound and down to the street car line, passing within thirty yards of the Union property and giving easy access from all directions.

To appreciate the club house one has to remember the old days when, after a hot game of tennis we went to the little locker room, put our perspiring bodies back into our street clothes, and sighed, "If we only had running water and a shower!" How many times that wish was made!

The new club house has real locker rooms, one for men and one for women, with a total of one hundred lockers, and wash-stands and shower-baths for each, with running water, cold and hot.

Also on the ground floor are a handball court for calorizers, and for fat and thin, young and old, that rarest of all sports in the Far East—a real bowling alley. When the Seoul Mining Company sold out and the property and lease were taken over by Mr. Fraser, there was left there a very good, first-class, American-made double bowling alley, and Mr. Fraser has presented it complete with all equipment to the Seoul Union. From all reports this promises to be one of the most popular activities of the playtime of the community.

On the second floor in front, and over the bowling alley room, is an open porch for summer meetings, teas and tennis watching, overlooking the courts and shaded from the western sun by the second story of the house. This porch is one hundred feet long by twelve feet wide, cement floored and asphalt surfaced.

At the south end of the second floor is a social room twenty-one feet by twenty-nine feet. This room will be used also by the Seoul Women's Club for its regular meetings. In the north end a magazine and reading room is separated from the social room by a well equipped kitchenette. The hall connecting these rooms opens on to the porch at the front entrance and to the stairway leading down to

the first floor. At the end of this hall is a check room, especially planned for out of town members who wish to avail themselves of the facilities offered by the Union, while on a short trip to Seoul. One may go direct from the station, a ten-minutes' walk or five minutes on the West Gate street car and three or four minutes' walk in from the car stop, have a shower, look over the latest magazines, attend a nine o'clock committee meeting in the reading room, go about town to the bank, Steward's, etc., return for a game of tennis or bowling and five o'clock tea, and leave on the evening train.

In the basement a good hot-air furnace and separate hot-water heater supply the comforts of an all-year-round club-house.

What an inheritance we have! The good judgment and foresight of the founders and the faithful support of those who have carried on, have made it possible, by the rise of land values in this city, to have such an establishment, the land title free, the house built and equipped and the running expenses partly subsidized, so that the fees for all privileges can be low enough to be within the reach of all.

Those accustomed to the pretentious club houses and expensive outlays in America may look with scorn at this little plot and snug house which is ours. But it will answer all our needs and come within our means. No impressive stone building, no rolling greens, no ornate and cushioned lounge, no expensive service are there—but our cup is full.

We know of no other place in the Far East where there is such a social center, where all foreigners, business men and their wives, members of the consular body, and missionaries, can meet in pleasant surroundings and in good fellowship, spending a part of each week throughout the year in interchange of ideas, in health-giving play, in relaxation of mind, in learning to know each other.

Reborn, then, is the Seoul Union, serving all foreigners in this land and filling more adequately its unique place in the lives of our people.

Among the Western Islands

MARGARET HESS

THE VERY THOUGHT of an island seems to appeal with interest to most people. There is one thing to which I can testify, and that is that itinerating among the islands of this coast is never dull! As a matter of fact it is so full of thrills that sometimes I find far more than it takes to supply my need, and would gladly share with some of those poor unfortunates who find life dull. The very fact that our west coast boasts the second highest tide in the world makes boat travel a gamble; then the fact that at certain times of the year sudden strong winds spring up and turn the seas topsy-turvy adds zest to the thrills.

Last spring on one of the first trips with our new boat, the "Jennie B.," we met just such a storm. After leaving Chemulpo we went ashore on two islands, held services, called at some homes, and helped strengthen the missionary societies. The night was spent beached on a mud bank. It wasn't a particularly quiet or restful place, as it was just near where a line of shrimp fishing-boats were anchored. At the turn of the tide in the 'wee sma' hours' the men of the village came down to the beach. Soon there was much noise. Calling, pushing, pulling, and presently a slithering sound and a small boat flew past, rushing down the mud bank, and with a splash shot out into the water! At least two men were on board and they were off to the shrimp boats to bring in the tide's catch.

Morning found the sky gray and heavy with storm clouds. That day we were due at a nearby island for the circuit Quarterly Conference, so as soon as the tide floated our craft and our guests had all come aboard we hurried away to try to find a safe anchorage before the storm came. Keeping to the middle of the channel I piloted our boat in fear and trembling, for three years before we had

struck a submerged rock in these same waters, and had spent much of the night balancing in the air while the tide departed and then came back to pick us up again. I did not want another such experience—and little dreamed that the day held a far worse one for us!

Soon the rain and wind began. The tide ran out and left us beached near two other boats. During the winter the "Jennie B." had dried out much and the cabins leaked badly. I sat in the pilot room and dipped the water from the floor so that my cabin just below would be less flooded. As the day advanced the wind changed and the storm increased. We found ourselves, not in the sheltered cove we had thought, but with our prow set straight into the teeth of a gale. We realized that we could never ride out a storm in the place where we were anchored, so replanted our anchor with the intention of starting the engine and pulling around into a sheltered place as soon as the tide floated us again.

Two extra men came aboard to help with poles in case the anchor dragged. Moment by moment the storm increased and as we had feared, our anchor did not hold. We held the boat with poles as best we could, but finally I realized that we could wait no longer but must start the engine even in shallow water; I signalled the engineer to start, and put on full speed ahead. We were inch by inch pulling out, when some excited soul ashore called to the man on the stern to throw him a rope and he would try to pull us to safety! At once a line was thrown overboard. On the windward side! In a moment it drifted into the churning propeller, winding about it and putting the engine completely out commission, thus cutting off our last hope of escape. There was nothing to do but "battle with the element" and try to keep from the rocks.

I could not understand it at all, for in my

morning watch hours I had had such precious promises of help and refuge. It seemed as though our last hope was gone and that in spite of all that we could do we would be beaten to pieces on the rocks, to which the wind and waves were rapidly drifting us. Our anchor slipped along through the mud and was useless. Little by little we drifted across the prows of two boats anchored near us, and soon we were dashed against the rocks. The dinghey was crashed and floated away, as did also the two poles. The whole village came down to watch us fight for our lives, but they could help little except to bring more poles to replace the ones we had lost. The tide was continually rising and finally we drifted across the stone pier on which our anchor caught and held. By using the poles with all our strength combined we were able to hold the boat off the worst rocks. Sometimes when an unusually large wave came we were almost thrown off and nearly drowned by the spray. When our strength was all but gone, and we were bruised in many places, we found that at last the tide had come in high enough and that it filled a tiny, narrow channel with enough water that by extreme care we could float over some of the rocks and into a more quiet cove. We cut the anchor rope and poled vigorously, while some of the people on shore caught our tow line and little by little worked the boat into shallow quiet water. We were glad enough to rest and count our blessings, while we gave thanks to our Father for having guided us into a safe place. A hot floor in the school house, also a bowl of steaming rice and peppery 'kimche' assisted us much in our thanksgiving.

The poor little "Jennie B." seems doomed

to distressing experiences. Not only had she the testing just mentioned, but she has been broken into twice. Last week while beached for new paint, and while waiting for the high tide to float her back to her anchorage, thieves broke in and carried off part of her fittings, exploded the gasoline tank and set fire to the boat, causing several hundred yen worth of loss and damage.

These, however, are not all the experiences that an itinerator has among the islands. In fact they are some of the least of them. It is a great joy to look off across a stretch of water to an island village and see the most prominent thing on the landscape—a neat, white, church building. Then there is more joy in seeing a line of white-robed figures hurrying along the paddy-field paths and out to the boat landing to bring a welcome. To see the light of love and kindness in their faces, and to know we are brothers and sisters in Christ, is the greatest joy of all.

Do our island women and men study? Last year the women alone, in the vicinity of Chemulpo and on the islands held over 70 classes, and enrolled over twelve hundred.

Do the islands produce leaders? Yes, but even so we have a dearth of leaders. Our island men and women are so popular that we cannot keep them! Seoul District called Rev. Kim Chong Woo to be its superintendent. The First M. E. Church of Seoul insists upon having Rev. Kim Yung Sup. Seoul Central M. E. Church thinks it cannot get along without Mrs. Yunge Cho, and these as well as many others scattered over Korea were islanders. We feel that work among the islands is worth while when it produces such leaders as these.



"Mighty to Save"

V. W. PETERS

Third Paper—All Things are become New

Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God.

Eph. 2:19.

I always think of Yang Sung Min kneeling on the floor in the midst of a group of seekers at the Seoul City Mission telling them the way of salvation. They have come forward after the close of the sermon and are sitting on the mats spread about the platform; and there is Sung Min, instant in season and out of season, dealing with them about their souls.

No, he is not a paid worker at the Mission—not even a preacher—just a plain business man.

Sometimes, when Sung Min leaves the office after a long day, it is almost time for the service at the Mission to begin; at such times he goes straight there without his supper, rather than be late. For a half-hour before the service, while a cornet and drum are sounding forth gospel songs from a window, Sung Min stands in the street inviting passers-by inside and handing out tracts.

I got a peculiar insight into his attitude one night when I remarked to him about his faithfulness. Note his answer. He firmly replied, "Why, this is my responsibility."

He seemed to say, "I'm surprised you call me faithful. Why shouldn't I be? I am only doing my duty."

"Duty?" Most of us would exclaim, "Why, you are not paid for this; your duty during the day is at the office and now you are off duty."

And yet I wonder if, after all, our Korean friend is not more nearly correct. Since our Lord has committed His Word—more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold—as a trust into our hands for those who have it not, and then, knowing our dullness in see-

ing the implications of a trust. He added the explicit command not to keep it for ourselves, but to pass it on. I just wonder if "responsibility" is not the very word to describe every Christian's relation to the work of publishing the glad tidings. Sung Min had more of the mind of Christ than many of us when he said that spreading the gospel is "my responsibility"—not the preacher's, not his who receives a salary from the church, but an intensely personal thing—mine.

This man who has seen into some of the deep things of God has so impressed me that I want you to know him too. Miss Edwards, one of the workers at the Center, knows him more intimately than anyone else among us; and so I said to her one afternoon, while talking together, "Tell me Sung Min's life story". And she launched immediately into the deep.

"He is one of the most remarkable marvels of grace I have seen among Koreans," she said, "a marvel in the way he has developed in the Christian life in so short a time."

He is an only child. Besides his mother, the father kept two other women as concubines in other places and was not at home much. The boy went to private and government schools until he was graduated from the grades, and then he finished at a special railroad school and got a position with the government railways.

He worked up to the rank of freight and baggage manager at a salary of a hundred yen a month (fifty dollars, an excellent salary in Korea). He was getting so prosperous that he decided to take some concubines too. But the mere addition of a wife or two more

proved insufficient to satisfy—as every promise of Satan does—and he began companying with dancing girls, spending thirty or forty yen in one evening. Then he fell to drinking, until, wasting time and strength in this way, he became unfit for work and lost his position.

Up to this time he had kept the concubines at other places; but now, jobless, and his mother and first wife and three children in his own home, he could not afford these separate establishments. He brought the second wife home; and of course there was war in the camp from then on. And, to add to the confusion, in the wrangling the mother took the part of the second wife. Not that she favored her above the other especially, but the master of the house had brought her there and, to the Oriental mind, his will is enough to make anything right.

Finally We Sin, the first wife, fled to her brother's home for a respite of a week or two. But soon she found life miserable without her children, and she came back to get the little baby eight or nine months old. Sung Min happened not to be at home then and his mother would not let her have the baby; instead she dragged her out by the hair, slammed the door, and forbade her to return.

The neighbors, taking pity, called a ricksha

and sent her to the East Gate Hospital. Her bruises being healed and her mind somewhat quieted, she was sent on to the Social Evangelistic Center with a note asking if she could get a job to earn her own living. The Center gave her work in the sewing room and let her stay in the dormitory.

The story of this wife, loving and cast aside and of how she found peace and comfort, has been told before in the pages of the KOREA MISSION FIELD. It was through her efforts that the husband, Yang Sung Min, was finally led to Christ. They have now one of the happiest of Christian homes. Neither of them forgets to whom they owe their happiness, and because of what Jesus has meant to them and to their home they are tireless in their efforts to introduce Him to others.

Mr. Yang is now Secretary at the Center, always courteous, kind and gentle to every one about the place. No matter what the type of work, or what the need, whether day or night, he is always ready to respond. Thus he has become a very important part of the work at the Center. But when the evening hour comes you will be certain to find him at the Mission Hall; now as at the beginning, his greatest joy is in leading men to the Master whom he has found mighty to save.

The Adams Evangelistic Fund

EDWARD ADAMS

THE ABOVE TITLE has been used, not because the originator of the fund, Dr. Jas. E. Adams, made any large monetary contribution himself, but because it was his untiring zeal and indomitable perseverance that collected the money from various sources and made this work possible.

History

Dr. Adams was the first evangelistic missionary to settle in this province. That was in 1897. His first efforts were directed towards preaching the Gospel to non-Christians. God

prospered his efforts. More missionaries came. A Christian constituency rapidly developed. A hospital was founded. Schools were started culminating in boys' and girls' academies. Later a second missionary station was opened at Andong.

Everything developed in a normal, healthy way till about 1910, when the dimensions of the organized work became so great that the missionary force was obliged to devote full time to it and had little time left for direct preaching. From 1910 to 1915 the number of new churches added each year rapidly de-

creased, and from 1915 to 1920 there were few new churches added, and only about five or six in every thousand of the population were Christians.

This situation became increasingly alarming to Dr. Adams. A break in health necessitated a return to the States. In 1918 he resigned. With a partial return of health he decided to devote the rest of his life to the salvation of the non-Christians in North Kyungsan Province. He was able to interest a number of people in the States in his project and collected a sum of money for this purpose. With this he returned to Korea as an independent missionary. However, in his physical condition, he could have done little had not the other missionaries also given freely of their prayers, sympathy and time.

In 1924 ill-health again necessitated his return to America. This time it was evident he would never return. He felt this, and before leaving turned over all his funds to his two sons, who by this time had returned to the field as missionaries. Rev. B. N. Adams took charge in Andong Station, the northern of the two Stations in this province, and Rev. Edward Adams took charge of the work conducted from Taiku Station (the capital of the province) over the southern half of the province. Since 1924 the work has been under their care.

Results

The actual field work was not started till 1920. Between then and 1924, when Dr. Adams finally had to return to the States, he made one other trip back for health reasons, so that the work was considerably interrupted. In spite of these handicaps he was able to establish, with the help of other missionaries and a native staff of workers, about fifteen to twenty churches: i. e. groups meeting regularly for Sunday worship.

The major part of the drive has been supervised by the two sons, serving as trustees. The other missionaries in the two stations involved have also given of their time freely in this supervision. The actual work has been

largely done by native evangelists. At one time twenty-five to thirty workers were thus employed.

The evangelists have found the villages "white unto harvest." Only in very rare cases have they been unable to secure a convert in a village. In over seventy-five per cent of the villages they have established a group large enough to be called a "church." Up to the present time seventy-three churches have been permanently established by this fund. In the Taiku Presbytery, the larger of the two, twenty-five per cent of all the churches in the Presbytery have been founded by this fund, this since 1920. All these churches raise their own congregational expenses and most of them contribute to the salary of a paid native worker.

Nor can the work be judged by the *number* of churches. For all of these groups are established several miles away from the nearest other group. The addition of seventy points radiating the "light of the knowledge in Christ Jesus" into the dark places of the province is a continuous influence impossible to gage by any human measurements.

One man and one woman have been assigned a slightly different task from the one just described. They have been giving their time to working among the several thousand students in the schools in Taiku (largely government schools). They have organized the Christian students into a Christian Students Club for mutual helpfulness; they have visited backsliding students and brought them back into the fold, and most important of all they have visited the non-Christian students in their rooms, introducing them to Christ. The future of the church depends very largely on winning the students and holding them and no more important work than this could be done.

Future

The funds are practically exhausted. All village evangelists have been called in. The student work only is being maintained at pre-

sent, and it is hoped to make that a permanent part of our work.

As less than nine-tenths of one per cent are Christians throughout the province, and there are still large gaps between the churches teeming with villages, the trustees are hoping that this fund will be replenished. Even though it may be impossible to continue on quite as large a scale as in the past few years, the present situation warrants its continuance for several years. In fact it is vital for the maintenance of aggressive evangelism. The Christians constitute a small minority of population in a village. Their own evangelistic

zeal is largely occupied in an effort to Christianize their own community. For years to come the missionary must assume large responsibilities for the other villages. It costs seventy yen to maintain a team, man and woman, in a village for one month (about \$ 35.) Experience has shown that it takes from four to six months to get a group sufficiently organized to stand by itself.

Please unite with us that those who can may be led to help in this very practical effort to carry the Gospel to two and a half million people in North Kyungsang Province.

With the Colporteurs in Taiku

O. VAUGHAN CHAMNESS

IT HAPPENED on this wise. About a month ago word was received from Mr. Thomas Hobbs and Mr. Yang Ik Whan, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, that they would come to Taiku and accompany their colporteurs for a week's campaign of Scripture distribution in Taiku City, spending two days each in the South and Central church districts and four days in the West Church,

Each morning at nine o'clock the colporteurs, together with the church pastor and a group of personal workers, gathered in the church for prayer and counsel led by Mr. Hobbs. The workers were divided and to each colporteur was assigned a man who knew the district to be worked, also two or three men and women to do personal work and to give out hand-bills, inviting people to come to the evening service. Each day of the week, from ten o'clock to one and from two o'clock to five-thirty, house to house visitation was carried on by three working parties.

Each evening Mr. Yang gave an evangelistic address. These services were planned in advance with special music and a good song leader. At the close of each service Mr. Yang gave an opportunity for those who wanted to become Christians to write their

names on slips prepared for this purpose. These were collected and prayer followed.

This was a Scripture selling campaign. The Bible portions are put up in packets of six, selling for 12 sen or 2 sen a volume. The colporteur knew that when he sold the Scriptures he was giving the buyer a real blessing at a very small price. Those who could not afford the packet could buy a Gospel for 2 sen. The colporteurs are evangelists. For instance, one afternoon we came to a home where the husband was sick on the flat of his back. His aged mother was sitting beside him trying to comfort him. When we came to the gate we were met by the wife to whom we explained our mission. She then told of her husband's sickness. The colporteur offered to pray for him and this was accepted. He entered the sick man's room and prayed. The old mother was not a Christian, but her heart was touched and she was invited to believe in the Friend of all those who are in sickness.

The week's work can be summarized according to the following facts: 12,000 tracts were distributed by the Christians. The colporteurs sold 2,500 portions of the Bible. In

the three churches 400 men and women made decisions for Christ.

This measure of success was not due entirely to organization, but to a movement in the whole Taiku district to double the church membership, called the *Pai Ka Oun Dong*, as a fitting way to celebrate the completion of thirty years' work by the missionaries here. The movement started two months ago and will continue until June. Each church member is working and praying for some unbelieving friend. All this served to prepare the field.

Selling the Scriptures is one of the most direct forms of evangelistic work. The colporteur's position should be exalted before the Church, for these men are "lights in the world, holding forth the Word of Life".

Sunday School Convention Pyengyang

The Third National School Convention was held at Pyengyang, on October 9-18 and was a glowing success. The total regular enrollment was 2,210, surpassing the 1925 Convention by more than two hundred and, in addition, fully a thousand more delegates attended part or all of the sessions without enrollment, making a total of over three thousand. This causes the convention to be the largest week-long (it lasted nine days) class ever held in Korea and possibly the largest Christian Assembly ever held in the Orient.

On Sunday afternoon a great open-air mass meeting was held in the grounds of one of the schools and fully 10,000 people gathered, listened to a short program and then went out to parade the streets with flags and banners.

Special features of the convention were: A daily newspaper which throughout the convention was printed and distributed free. It was financed by certain business firms in town.

A pageant which was entirely written, planned and executed by the Korean young people and children.

A musicale in which nearly 200 took part.

A striking exhibit of publications for Sunday-school work made by the Christian Literature Society at considerable expenditure of time and money. This was visited by crowds of delegates all through the convention and was much appreciated. The British and Foreign Bible Society had the Scriptures on view in various bindings and there was also a large display of handiwork and curios contributed by different schools.

Much of the success of the convention was due to the presence of Dr. Robert Hopkins, General Secretary for the World's Sunday School Association; every one of his public appearances was a joy and his were among the most popular of all of the sessions.

Notes and Personals

Northern Presbyterian Mission

Returned from furlough

Dr. and Mrs. W. Chisholm and children,
Syen Chun.

Southern Methodist Mission

Married

Rev. Ralph Lewis to Miss Atchley on December 19, at Seoul.

Newly arrived

Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Demaree and two children, Wonsan.

Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Emmerich, Seoul.

Northern Methodist Mission

Returned from furlough

Miss Pearl Lund, Haiju.

Miss L. Payne, Seoul.

Dr. Bording, Kongju.

Miss Kostrup, Chemulpo.

Left for U. S. A.

Bishop and Mrs. J. C. Baker leave in January for U. S. A. and expect to be absent from Korea until September when they plan to be present at the Annual Meeting of the Mission.

The Bible Correspondence Course, which has been conducted for so many years by Dr. W. L. Swallen, and which has had more than 4,000 subscribers on its roll, will be taken over on January 1st. by the Korea Sunday School Association. It will be conducted under the same rules as hitherto. The Association is being congratulated in being able to secure so useful an addition to its teacher training equipment, and Dr. Swallen cannot be too highly praised for his work in originating the Course and carrying it on thus far. He is still to be associated with it as advisor.

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